

Don't Lose Yourself

Thomas Dybdahl

I felt my vocal chords weakening
I felt my concave thoughts
I felt my voluntary blindness
For staring straight into the sunThe romantic air of your eye patch
Called me across the room
I clung there and I danced with you, silent
Admired your divine tattooWe slept in the shadow of a cedar tree
We made love on the rising tide
We smelled the perfume of the waxing moon
We dreamt of all friendships kindWe touched the blood of the black cat
We pet the mammoth day of tears
In the flickering light we were laughing
Necessity conquers fearDon't lose yourself
Don't let yourself be lost
Don't lose yourself
Don't let yourself be lostDreaming, we were stones in black stillness
Dreaming of the death of the sun
Waking to a world of white windiness
Painted eyes of the holy onesThe death of the word was upon us
And the discipline of the wind
We see less and less all the time, dear
Just look at this mess we are inDon't lose yourself
Don't let yourself be lost
Don't lose yourself
Don't lose yourself be lostStaring at the entrance to the mind
I had prayed for your wounds to close
Tiger ointment and a cosmic collision
And the crucifixion of the roseDon't lose yourself, don't lose yourself
Don't let yourself be lost
Don't lose yourself
Don't lose yourself be lostDon't lose yourself
Don't let yourself be lost
Don't lose yourself
Don't lose yourself be lost

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